



Rachel



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Chapter 1 by friend

Rachel and I have been married for 7 years now. Up until this year, we were very happy, together and individually. We were young and reckless and felt as if nothing could stop us. But lately, she has not been acting like herself. She is not acting like the joyful, carefree women I met in my first year of law school. Then again, I can't blame her. It is not in her control and she can't do anything about it. Ever since she has been diagnosed, things have changed. Very big things have changed. And I'm not sure what to do. I've tried almost everything to cheer her up and to bring things back to the way they were before. But at this point, I'm feeling hopeless.

Today, I've decided to approach her and to tell her the truth about how I feel.

Chapter 2 by -



As I rolled out of bed I could hear Rachel in the kitchen brewing coffee. The radio was on with the early morning news. I crept up behind her and put my arms around her waist. She gave a slight jump and a smile spread across her face as she turned and embraced me.

"The newspaper is on the counter." She turned and poured the scalding hot liquid into my mug and handed to me.

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I sat down on the bar stool and he... letting the heat warm them.
"Rachel, why don't you sit... am into her coffee.

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She looked at me, her face slightly worried. "Sure dear." Rachel walked over and took a seat beside me.

I took a deep breath and put her hands into mine. "I think we need counseling." My eyes dropped to the floor as an expression of disbelief crossed her face.

Chapter 3 by Maya Johnstone



"I love you. I truly do, but if we are going to keep this marriage alive, we need to face the fact that you are suffering from PTSD."

Rachel glares at me. Her face scrunching up the way it does when she gets flustered. The slight wrinkle between her eyebrows, the way one eyebrow goes farther in than the other. All this drew me to her in the first place. I quickly snap out of my daze as Rachel starts to speak in a whisper.

"It's not my fault I saw my best friend get murdered."

Chapter 4 by Fanwizard



My mouth opened, and closed, like a goldfish. No words came out. I was the very definition of being speechless.

"What. . . . How. . . Who. . . ?" my words sounded hollow, even to me.

"It was a year ago," Rachel gazed out the window. Her voice was barely audible. "You were on the business trip that lasted a month. Dakota and I were walking home from a girls' night out. Movies, dinner, manicures, makeovers, the works. Her car wasn't working for an unknown reason, and since it was such a nice night outside, we decided to walk home. We were laughing and talking about the most random things. I still can't remember what we were talking about, but. . ."

Dakota was Rachel's best friend and had been since they were babies. Even their moms were friends in high school. Dakota and Rachel were so close, they could have been sisters.

"There was a man, leaning against a streetlight, like one of those movies. He was around thirty,

had a James Dean hair style, wore a leather jacket, and was around 6 feet. We ignored him as we walked by him, but he spoke."

Rachel takes a shaky breath. "He said, 'Where you off to, ladies?' and then he looked at me with a thick Southern accent."

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Rachel puts her face in her hands and sobs. "He had a . . . small black handgun . . . and a knife. I called . . . the police, and when they . . . came, he fled, but it was . . . too late. Dakota was dying on the ground and there was . . . so much . . . blood. It's not easy to . . . tell your husband . . . that your best friend . . . got murdered . . . right in front of you while you were screaming and . . . trying to fight him off . . . and she's still screaming."

I take her hand in mine. We're silent for a little bit. Then, she says a few words in a very quiet voice.

"The man that murdered Dakota . . . was my ex-boyfriend."

Chapter 5 by Hanna Tolander



Literally hundreds of thoughts soared through my head at this point. I had no idea what to say, and what actually came out was:

"Kenny or Ross?"

Rachel looked at me like I had asked her what perfume she was wearing that night or what she thought we should be having for dinner. You know, that look reserved for completely inappropriate questions.

"I mean ..." I continued, "I can't believe you never told me. I didn't even know Dakota was dead. I thought you'd had a fallout or something. Why ... why did you keep it to yourself? And how ... the funeral ... the trial ...?"

"There hasn't been a trial. He's still on the run."

I felt my blood turn to ice. No wonder she was so nervous, so high-strung. At the same time I was angry with Rachel, very angry: I was in danger too. And I didn't want to tell her at this point, but I had actually noticed a weird guy following me. He had a peaked cap on, pulled down so I couldn't see his face - but it could have been Kenny or Ross. The murderer. It was possible that the murdered had been stalking me.

Chapter 6 by guide - SUPER Inactive



I gazed at the kitchen table in dis... about Kenny/Ross the Stalker, and focus on Rachel

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"Rachel..." I looked at her, and I realized she had tears in her eyes. "Rachel, how could you carry a secret like this for so long?"

She sighed and sat. "It was Kenny." She said, avoiding my question. "Kenny was the one who killed Dakota. I've talked to the police, to everyone who was interested in Dakota's murder."

I blinked several times, confused. "If.. if you talked to the police, why was this never on the news?"

She looked at me with something new in her eyes. "Ross. He was one of the police officers I talked to, and after all these years, Ross and Kenny are best friends. He told the other officers I was lying and almost locked me up, but the other officers didn't let him. They told me I could go, since they knew I wasn't lying. They might have done something bad to Ross, though."

"How did they know you weren't lying?" I asked.

"Lie-detector. Ross said it was broken, that little *scumbag*." She stopped and clenched her fists. "Anyway. They let me leave."

I stared at the floor. "Why didn't you tell me?" I asked, again.

She bit her lip. Tears streaked her face and she sniffled. "Because. I.. I thought you wouldn't believe me."

I reached for her hand, but she pulled away. "Why did you think I wouldn't believe you?"

She finally snapped. "I don't know, okay? Maybe because I was fighting with Dakota at the time and I was acting all manic and you were worried I might have been the one who.." She shut her eyes. More tears fell down her face. "...who killed her."

I heard a knock on the door. I leaped up to get it, while Rachel buried her face in her arms. It was a police officer.

"Good morning, sir, my name is Ross and I am a police officer. I'm afraid I must borrow your wife, Rachel for a special case." He was writing in a notepad and didn't notice the horrified look on

my face.

See more of Story Wars

He looked up. "Something

I frowned. "Don't call me

I looked behind me. "Rachel, come, please."

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she's in the kitchen." I

She looked up and came over. Then she slapped Ross in the cheek, leaving a mark. "DON'T DARE SHOW YOUR UGLY FACE IN MY HOUSE EVER AGAIN!" She yelled, and slammed the door.

I blinked in surprise. "Rachel? Are you okay?"

Her eyes were red. "Read this. Then ask me that again, I dare you." She tossed me her phone and ran to the bedroom.

I fumbled with the device and saw she got a text message. The person who sent it was "Buttface." on Rachel's phone. I chuckled silently, but stopped when I saw the text.

Rachel.. It's Kenny. I am terribly sorry for what happened to Dakota. Please forgive me. Meet me at the little coffee shop on Lain Ave. I will explain everything, and you can come with me. To a whole different country. I know you hate your husband. Just meet me there in 10 minutes, and we can start over. We can be together again.

He had sent another text just as I finished reading the last one. *Please, Rachel. Please.*

"Rachel? RACHEL?" I bellowed, heading for our bedroom.

There was music playing, Rachel's favorite music. The kind she played when she wanted to be alone.

I knocked on the door anyway. "Rachel?"

I opened the door.

The window was open, and Rachel was gone.

Chapter 7 by Jordan G



I knew where she went, She is going to meet Kenny. My gut told me so. I ran out to my car and drove to the little coffee shop. When I parked I seen Kenny and Rachel in the coffee shop talking. My first instinct was to storm in there and tell Kenny to leave her alone. But my gut told

me to call Ross. I knew it was crazy but Rachel would know it was me if another cop showed up. I pulled out my phone and called

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"Um, this is Miles. You w

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"You know your wife can get in trouble for hitting an officer right?" He asks

"Yes I do know that. Anyway, she slapped you because Kenny had just contacted her. He asked her to meet him at a little cafe ." I say.

"Where is it at?" He asks.

"It is on Lain Avenue. If you do show up, you CAN NOT just barge in there."I say.

"Why should I not just barge in there? He killed her, he killed Dakota." His voice breaks and I can hear him crying. Why would he be crying? I ask myself.

He seems to have read my mind because he says" She was my Wife". Well, that was a page-turner I think. I then see him pull up behind me and he gets out of the car. I quickly get out because he is storming toward the door of the cafe.

"Whoa! Calm down, just breathe." I say as I pull him to my car. "Why did you tell all the other cops that Rachel was lying?" I ask.

"Because I thought Kenny would never do something like that to a person that I loved." He replies.

Chapter 8 by Red



Enough with the chit-chat, I thought. I have more questions but I guess I'll save that for later. What's important now was to save Rachel.

I can see her clearly from my car since we were positioned at the other side of the road diagonally from the shop. Her feet were shaking. It's either she needed to go to the bathroom or she was scared. One way or another, I had to do something quick.

Ross called my attention. He pointed at the garage located at the back of the shop and said, "Hey, isn't that Emily?" She was Rachel's classmate in college. Anyway, she wore a maroon colored shirt and a brown khaki alongside with a black apron. That means only one thing, she works at the coffee shop and didn't have to go through the main entrance to go inside.

"Maybe we could ask help from him" See more of Story Wars

"You're right. I have a plan"

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Before Emily drove off, Ross crossed the road immediately, hiding his face with his handkerchief, to talk to her... or force her. Something like that.

My turn. I still have my wife's phone and called Kenny. As expected, his face went sour but Rachel's looked surprised with a glimpse of hope.

"Hey, who's this?"

"Miles. His husband."

"Then?"

My muscles tensed when I heard that. I was really planning not to hit him that hard. I changed my mind.

"I want to talk with you," I ordered, not a question anymore.

"I'm busy."

"I will not take up your time with *my wife*. Actually, I'm already here."

The plan was working. He went outside the shop but before he did, he kissed Rachel on the lips. Disgusting! Just so you wait, you will soon come back from where you're from with your Godfather Satan.

I went outside the car and stared at Ross before coming to Kenny. Ross and Emily will get Rachel while I distract the demon.

Actually, I was not prepared of what would I say to him. Let out your feelings Miles, just let it out.

So I did.

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"You call her *settled*? You weren't even at home when she was suffering!"

"And whose fault was that, huh?"

In my peripheral vision, I saw Ross grabbing Rachel. She hugged Ross. He gave me a wave of hand as a signal that we need to go. I did not bat an eye though. I was so enraged with Kenny, I can't stop until I punch his ego a hundred times.

"Well, anyway, you'll be next to Dakota. Until I'm the only one she can rely on. Oops! Bad tongue!"

What?

"Y-You're pathetic!"

I have nothing else to say. I cannot believe he just said that in front of me, his *supposedly* next victim. However, that would never happen.

The more I became frightened not for my safety but Rachel's. I really cannot leave her to the hands of this psychopath.

I punched him on the face and kicked his crotch, every man's strength and weakness.

He screamed in agony and fell on the floor. He curled himself like a ball. I guess I did so much pain. That's good then.

I ran as fast as I could, dodging vehicles like it was a game of freeze tag. Except that if you were touched, you die.

I saw Ross and Rachel crossing too. "Hurry up!"

I jumped inside the car and Kenny went to the back of the store. I was relieved that he ran and backed off. We would return to our peaceful life again. I thought.

I guess I was wrong.

As we were driving, we saw

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"That's Kenny's car! Oh my... when will he stop?" Rachel cried so hard, tears were starting to block my vision too.

No. Not now.

Ross waved everyone. "Wait, someone's following him, too!"

"A cop?" I suggested.

"No! That's not a car of a cop. Emily's."

Wow! Since when we made a pact with her that she was still helping us to this extent? Nevermind, at least she was helping and I was really glad about that.

She was driving side to side with Kenny, constantly bumping him. I guess Emily and Rachel were really close back then.

Sirens started whailing from afar. The police! They went ahead of him and trapped his car.

The end, at last.

I turned the car around and went to the scene.

"Oh my God!"

"What the ... hell."

"This can't be happening."

We were all surprised to see Emily in the hands of Kenny with a revolver pointed at her head. Though the police aimed their guns at him, he seemed not scared at all.

Rachel was coming forward. I tried to stop her but she said, "No. It's my fault all these things are happening! Let me please!"

I let go of her.

And that was my biggest r

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The next thing I knew was me holding the corpse of my beloved.

Rachel tried to stop Kenny.

"Please! Stop this. I-If you want I'll go with you! Just release her!"

"Nah. Too late. That won't really happen, will it? Don't make a fool out of me!" He hardened his lock on Emily. "If I can't be happy, so will you."

He shifted the point of his gun from Emily to Rachel.

Bang!

Rachel.

Rachel.

Rachel.

the end

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